

My name is (b)(6) My wife (b)(6) and I first moved to our (b)(6) (b)(6) We remodeled this house and made it our home, raising our family here. At the time it was primarily a potato farming area run by a family farming operation. We knew the family who owned the farm and considered them friends.

The farm was sold to a group of investors and a construction was begun on a controlled animal feeding dairy operation in about 2007. As the farm began production in about 2009, it operated without a digester system with all the inherent odors burning our throats, us hoping that it would ease up when the digester was put in a year later. In about 2008, they began piping to the fields with tanker trucks and began spraying liquid manure through the irrigators, as well as spraying directly from the trucks. There were frequent violations of winter spraying, failure to till within 48 hours, among others.

Our own personal experience, being 300 feet away from one of the irrigators, included overspray from the irrigators in our yard, with wind born mist covering our house, pool and cars. Where our house had been a gathering point for our friends and club members, the odor and contamination was too much for our friends and family to take and no one would come over. Grilling outside with friends and family became intolerable. The mist permeated the inner walls, insulation and carpet of our house and there was no way to get the smell out or mask it with Fabreeze or anything else. Both my wife and I have been told by our doctor that the ammonia smell has aggravated my COPD condition and my wife's escalating allergies. Friends have said when the spraying is being done they can smell it all the way to Nekoosa, 11 miles away. (b)(6) where (b)(6) works have said her clothes smell like cow poop, even though washed frequently. We had to stop hanging out our laundry, especially if spraying was being done. (b)(6) used to love hanging out the laundry for that fresh, clean smell. No more.

We had been told by the original developers of the farm that "if it got to be too much", they would buy us out. We fought about this for 6 months before my wife finally convinced me that there was a way to maintain a family life here any longer. Even our son told us he would not bring our granddaughter to a house filled with the residual from the overspray. We used to babysit her daily. It broke our hearts. We finally gave in (b)(6) So, we now live (b)(6) and occasionally deal with the odors, but no overspray. We find ourselves missing our "homestead", feeling we were driven out of our home of 20 years by a large Johnny come lately agribusiness. It turns out that they ended up buying out a number of houses on our street. We often wonder if it was our own paranoia or were they actually trying to encourage us to leave with their pivot spraying the day before holidays. Sure wish we could bring back the family farmers, who were friends who cared about their neighbors. Looking back at it, there were a number of problems related to this factory farm, but the thing that made us give up our home was the spraying of manure through pivot systems. There was nowhere to run and nowhere to hide. We could not escape the odor and drift from the pivot systems and felt like we lived in unsanitary conditions at all times.

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